*The*
# COMMONWEAL

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## *Detroit*

AS WE go to press Congress is clearing the decks for recess with petulant abandon, the coal miners have walked out, war production is on the skids, and food and inflation are out of hand; prospects on the home front were never gloomier. But the saddest page of all is the citywide beating and killing of Negroes in Detroit. It may even give a jolt to certain readers who have said that THE COMMONWEAL talks about racism too much. America's attitude toward men of other races is, in fact, the touchstone of sincere belief in democracy, the Four Freedoms and the basic social teachings of Christianity. In order to convince the world, we must do more than subscribe to some intangible ideal for an indefinite future; we are faced with the duty of demonstrating day by day in our dealings with our fellow-men of every color and creed, that when we speak of human equality under God, we mean it.

For some months many provocative elements have been present in Detroit. White workers from the hill country and the lowlands of the South constitute probably the largest single element of those employed in that city's giant factories. Before the war, white-Negro tension was intensified by racial competition for jobs; recently the greatest disturbances have occurred over housing, although there has also been the strike at Packard over the promotion of three Negro workers.

In Detroit, as well as in the outbreaks at Beaumont and Mobile, there are a number of suspicious circumstances. Each is an important war production center (Beaumont being near the oilfields). At the Mobile shipways the "Christian American Association" is suspected of starting things. At Beaumont the woman whose rape was supposed to have caused the shooting now says that she was not even approached by a Negro. At Detroit there is considerable evidence that stories to incite both whites and Negroes were carefully planted in preparation. And most sinister of all is the number of Negroes shot outright by the Detroit police. That is positively appalling.

Next day it was no wonder that Negro absentees at major defense plants in the area ran as high as 90 percent. Whether Axis agents, the Klan (of which Detroit is northern headquarters), or all-out isolationists who would be happy to see a nazi-fascist régime in Washington were the principal instigators, war production dropped off sharply. Could this be the latest nazi technique for sabotage in America? But even more threatening to the cause of the United Nations is the intense racism we displayed in this outrage.

It is all very well to blame these hatreds, this violence, these deaths on Axis agents or groups such as the Klan. The fact remains that mob violence such as this could not be fomented without inflammable materials—in this case the racial attitudes of so large a proportion of the American people. Each of us by giving way to prejudice has contributed to the mounting tension. Fundamentally it is we with our poll taxes and Jim Crow, our black army and our white army, our whole policy of segregation, who are primarily responsible. Until the American Negro can work and live and study and worship on equal terms with his fellow-citizens, it will be easy for the instigators of mob violence to set off new conflagrations.

## *A Sorry Mess*

CERTAINLY there have been mistakes made by the OCD, the OPA, the OWI. The Army has made mistakes and the Navy has made mistakes and the State Department has made mistakes and we all have made mistakes. That is no great wonder. And that the mistakes in so vast an undertaking as the mobilization of our war effort, both at home and abroad, should be vast mistakes is also no wonder. We believe that this is the sober truth; the wonder is the mistakes have not been worse.

Anyone who will take the trouble to read the House debate on appropriations "for war agencies in the executive office of the President" must come to the same conclusion as Representative Murphy of Pennsylvania: ". . . it is rather disheartening



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to witness the spectacle that has taken place in this Chamber this afternoon. . . . I also want to say that I believe the real purpose here is to snipe at the Commander in Chief in the conduct of the war effort on the domestic front."

We, too, have been critical of things done by these agencies. But when Congressional ill-temper and ill-will threaten the welfare of every American citizen, we feel obliged to speak strongly in defense of the bureaucrats whom Congressmen would pillory before the nation. We know that most of them have done the best job they could do, in view of the endless difficulties which always beset public servants in a democracy—difficulties, by the way, which of course have their great compensations. The temper of the House on Friday afternoon, June 18, was to sneer, to smear, to shout down. Elmer Davis was described as a dangerous radical—because of his association with the American Labor Party. No one considered the real question: has he done a good job? Has he the confidence of the public?

Nor did anyone point out that many of the sins of OPA are directly traceable to Congress itself.

The vote on the amendment to cut the appropriation of one agency—the BEW—which everyone agreed is doing a splendid job, is indicative of the spirit of the proceedings. That amendment was defeated by a scant 15 votes. Of course the worst display of ill-temper was the vote to kill the OWI's domestic branch. If this vote is sustained in the Senate, every journalist knows perfectly well that the result will be confusion worse confounded. What mistakes the OWI has made are more than compensated by the fine service it has rendered.

Let us hope that the Senate, when it comes to act on the bill voted by the House, will be more moved by the welfare of the nation than by irresponsible petty politics.

### *Where We Came In*

ONE POSSIBLE reaction to the third general coal strike since May 1 is that old crack about "Well, this is where we came in." But any analogy between the coal situation and entertainment is really out of order. For nothing could be less entertaining than the spectacle of Americans, who are locked in final combat with foreign enemies, failing three times in two months to compose their own domestic differences without recourse to the violent disruption entailed in a coal strike.

By the long-expected decision of the War Labor Board there is no question that the miners have been deeply disappointed. We agree with the labor minority on the board that the WLB should not have buck-passed the portal-to-portal issue to the wage and hour division of the Labor Department. There has already been so much buck-passing since the contracts expired on April 1 that it is a wonder that everybody involved isn't covered with splinters. And we agree too that some "reasonable compensation" should have been awarded the miners for travel time, or at least guaranteed to them whenever the inflation-control situation improved enough to permit it.

It is true that the WLB decision does give the miners the slight concession of extra vacation pay and allowances for equipment, altogether amounting to $1.00 a week. Under ordinary circumstances we would certainly say that the miners deserve more, even though the new six-day week and the heavy war demand for coal has meant that they are now making 23.8 percent more take-home money than they did last year.

But the point is that the circumstances aren't ordinary, or anything like it, and though it is hard to say to the miners, "Grin and bear it and hope for a better decision from the wage and hour division," that is exactly what must be said. After all, they aren't the only American workers who have been disappointed, either by a WLB decision or a draft call or the dreaded telegram from War or Navy Department. If ever there was a time in the lives of living Americans to grin and bear it, this is most certainly it.

We applaud the statement of Van A. Bittner, vice-president of the CIO steelworkers and former miners' official, in speaking for the WLB minority:

> The labor members of the WLB, representing the overwhelming majority of organized labor in America, are just as firmly convinced that the no-strike pledge we made to the American people through the President of the United States must be carried out today as it was the day we made it. And further, since this decision has been rendered by a majority vote of the WLB, it is our position that that becomes the decision of the WLB and in this instance the decision of the Government of the United States.

John L. Lewis, please note.

*P.S.* In spite of the coal crisis we believe that President Roosevelt should veto the Smith-Connally anti-strike bill. This not because the bill is anti-strike, but because it is also basically anti-labor, as demonstrated by several of its provisions, notably the one forbidding political contributions, which obviously has no relation whatever to the war effort. What this provision really means, of course, is that the rich are to be allowed to contribute to political parties, but the poor are not. For how else are the poor to do so except by combining their pennies in a union treasury and then authorizing the union to make such and such a contribution? We repeat, however, what we said in the June 4 issue, that if the Smith-Connally bill is a bad bill, which it is, a large part of the blame belongs to labor leaders who have indiscriminately opposed any and every kind of legislation that would regulate or limit the power of unions and union officials.

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# At O'Connell's

THERE was a beer in front of me on the bar and a beer in front of a man standing next to me and the man next to me said I think you are a Swede. That was the day that Gunder Hagg beat Gregory Rice in the five thousand meters on Randall's Island and the radio at the end of the bar was talking about the race and the heat. The radio stepped neatly from the heat and the race to athlete's foot and B.O. A natural. We stood there while Mr. O'Connell drew beers for the customers. The iceman brought in a great big block of ice and Mr. O'Connell lifted the metal cover in front of the beer taps and lowered the block of ice into the trough through which the beer is piped up from the kegs in the cellar. The man next to me said I'm not interested in going into your private conscience, I don't want you to tell me whether you are a Swede or not, it's just that I think you are a Swede.

I would not mind if you were a Swiss. I don't care what you are. It's cruelty I'm worried about.

In Stockholm in the other war there was a May Day parade. The workers went outside Stockholm to a park with their red flags and everything and they listened to speakers. It was when they came back to town that the authorities expected trouble. The authorities locked the troops in the barracks so as not to be provoking and when the crowd marched past the barracks the soldiers waved to the crowd from the windows and the marchers waved back to the soldiers and nothing happened at all.

In France, M. Pucheu, Minister of the Interior, recently had a university professor whipped in his presence. That's what they say. That's what I'm worried about. That could not happen in Sweden; that could not happen in Switzerland. It's not the war that worries me. We know about wars. If all the wounded died slowly, if all prisoners were massacred, if there were not even one soldier who believed in his cause, the war would still be over when the war was over. You blow the cease firing and the war is over. But who in Europe will tell the Minister of the Interior—whoever he is after Pucheu is shot —who in Europe will tell the police that the war is over?

There used to be Frenchmen and Italians just as there are Swedes and Swiss, but now a Frenchman wouldn't know, an Italian wouldn't know. It does no good to have been born somewhere; that's no longer enough. That's what I'm worried about. You aren't a Frenchman just because you were born in France. In the old days if you were in France there would be the lawyer who had made off with the widow's funds, the murderer, the boy who had stolen a bicycle and the police would be after them—but still they would be Frenchmen. Just the way Swedes are Swedes. But now there is the archeologist born in Rennes who is in jail, the poet born in Passy who is in exile and they are not just Frenchmen; they are a particular kind of Frenchmen and soon the men who have put the archeologist in jail and sent the poet into exile will be in jail themselves and they will not be just Frenchmen; they will be a particular kind of Frenchmen. The streets, the jails of France will be filled with Frenchmen who will not know if they are Frenchmen or not; the graves of France will be filled with Frenchmen and no one will know what flag to put over the graves. That's what worries me.

In France, in Italy, in Germany there used to be people who had a big car, a little car or no car; they were atheists, free masons or they went to Mass; they were socialist or conservative, they lived in cities, they worked on farms, in factories: but they were Germans, simply, or Italians, simply, or Frenchmen, simply. When a war was ended the French would be in France, the Germans in Germany, the Italians in Italy. When a war was ended the soldiers would go home. When this war is ended the soldiers will have no home to go to. The war will be over and they will have to re-invent their countries. The land will be the same as before, the rivers will be there and some of the buildings will be there as they remembered them, but it will be perfectly useless for them to return to the village in the expectation of finding the mayor and everyone else glad to see them home. The mayor will be in jail. And even the children will look at the soldiers wondering if they have returned with the right kind of politics.

It will be the same for the French who will have to make a country as it will be for the Germans and the Italians who will have to make a country. It will be the same search all over Europe to find a community in which men of the same nation can live without intolerable suspicion and hatred of each other. It will be, all over Europe, the same journey through hatred and revenge. Everywhere people will be trying to build up something like a Sweden, like a Switzerland.

Listen. You may not be a Swede, you may not be a Swiss. But listen: it's simple. All over Europe there are the police, the fascists and the anti-fascists. I don't know how they'll ever end it. I don't know how the French, the Germans, the Italians will ever get like the Swedes, like the Swiss, so that the men of a nation can go swimming in whatever they have that looks like the sea round the islands near Stockholm, so that the men of a nation can go for a boat ride on a Sunday on whatever they have that looks like a lake of Geneva, so that they can talk to each other with no questions asked.

C. G. PAULDING.

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# *A Strong China, A Strong Church*

## An interview with Bishop Paul Yu-pin

*By* **Harry Lorin Binsse**

IT IS now five years ago that Jacques Maritain wrote from Paris informing me of the imminent arrival in New York of an extraordinary Chinese Bishop, Paul Yu-pin, prefect apostolic of Nanking, and one of the youngest men consecrated in the episcopate in our day. Having made the necessary arrangements, therefore, I repaired to the Hudson River pier where Bishop Yu was to arrive and looked around to see if I could find him. The task was not difficult.

Near one of the gangways I quickly spotted a considerable group of prosperously clad Chinese, chatting cheerfully among themselves and evidently awaiting the arrival of some distinguished personage. I drew one of them aside and enquired whether it was the Bishop they were expecting. It was. Would the gentleman be good enough to point him out to me when he left the ship? He would be delighted.

But there was no need to take any such precaution. Up to that time I knew, from having read it, that there are tall Chinese, just as tall as any great blond Nordic. Yet so accustomed are we all in this country to seeing the diminutive Cantonese operating laundries and Chop Suey joints that no matter what we may have read, no matter what we may know, we are not conditioned to seeing tall—much less towering—Chinamen. When the Bishop appeared, no one needed to point him out to me, for he loomed above the heads and hats of his countrymen, a full six feet two or three in his stocking feet.

Already Paul Yu-pin was a hero among his countrymen. There was a Japanese price on his head. He had been obliged to flee his diocese, and had become a trusted adviser of the nationalist government. He was to come to America, fresh from a sojourn in Rome and audiences with the Holy Father, to do what he could in stimulating relief for his beloved native land, and incidentally to counter Japanese propaganda which was seeking to make China into a red bogy fit to give the chills to all enemies of communism. Nor had this propaganda been without effect even in some Catholic quarters.

An interview with the Bishop appeared in these columns, supplying Americans with categorical answers to the questions about China which then seemed most to trouble the public mind.

Now it is five years later. A great many things have happened. For one thing, Pearl Harbor. China is our ally. We also are fighting Japan. And once again Bishop Yu-pin is visiting our country. The questions which troubled us five years ago have gradually melted away and have been replaced by other questions needing answers.

This time I met the Bishop at the Pennsylvania station, crowded as ever with men in uniform and women in uniform and civilians looking a trifle harassed. A minor miracle! The 12:10 from Washington actually came in at 12:07! At one o'clock, the Bishop was to give some of his blood to the Chinese Blood Bank, so he and I and two Chinese priests at the moment stationed in New York hurried down to Nassau Street and into the twisted recesses of the old *Tribune* building.

Up on the eleventh floor we found a whole crew of nurses and doctors and newspaper photographers and, eventually, a "Caucasian" publicity lady, who kept referring to Bishop Yu as a "lamb." "Isn't he a lamb?" she would coo to the photographers, whose answer was a succession of grunts, indicating I suppose that they didn't know, and didn't care.

While they were waiting, the photographers talked about blood banks in general. They seemed to have specialized in them. "You should have been there the day a lot of athletes was up at the Red Cross. Half of them keeled over before they even took their blood pressures. One guy kept passing out and coming to regular, every couple of minutes. When they'd taken the blood from him, he sat up on the cot and said, 'How'm I doin?' Then he just crumpled and keeled over again. . . ."

"They centrifuge the corpuscles out of the blood, and what's left they can stick into any guy, white or colored. It don't make no difference what your type is, it works just as good. And believe me, when they're using the stuff, they don't go around asking where it came from."

"This guy's a bishop. It wouldn't look right to take him stripped to the waist, while he's actually donating. I'll tell you what will look good —have them wind his arm with the blood-pressure gadget. He can be sitting on the bed, and the doc can be adjusting things. But it's gotta look real. We don't want no criticism. . . ."



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Presently the press emerged from the male donors' room, with the publicity lady eager to supply the details. "Isn't he a lamb, boys? . . . He's Bishop Paul Yu-pin. You spell it *Y-u*-hyphen-*p-i-n*, with a small *p*, though that isn't absolutely necessary. . . . He's from Chungking. . . . No, that's all one word, no hyphen. . . . He came over on a mission. I don't know myself what that mission is. . . ."

We said good-bye to one young doctor, a Chinese from Trinidad who spoke only English, and with precisely the same accent as everyone else I ever met from Trinidad. We said good-bye to the nurses and nurses aides and the secretary. And as we left, a strapping hulk of a white man, who had just come in, timidly asked if he could give his blood for China. "Certainly. We're delighted to have anybody who is so generous as to be willing. . . ."

From Nassau to Mott Street is no great way, and soon we were ensconced in an "Always Air-Conditioned" restaurant, "Chinese food our specialty." It happened to be an ember day, so I placed myself entirely at the mercy of my Chinese companions, for my knowledge of Chinese cooking stopped far short of even guessing what dishes contained meat and what did not. And I witnessed a spectacle which somehow made China very real to me. Our waiter spoke only Cantonese; the Bishop and one of the priests spoke Mandarin, but no Cantonese. Thus I, to whom the whole business was "Greek" anyway, watched the second priest act as interpreter between the waiter and two other Chinamen. China is not a nation, I thought to myself. It is another Europe. But a wiser Europe, for it has learned how to become a nation.

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I had come prepared with a list of questions. They were specific questions. Yet they all pointed in two main directions: how did the Chinese—and all other Orientals, as well—feel about American racism? And what could we look to as the happiest solution of the problems of China and the Far East—the happiest within the limits of what is realistically possible? And so our conversation, rather than being a series of questions and answers, was a general conversation channeled toward these two points.

I asked the Bishop how he felt, not only as a Chinese but as a Catholic, about our Exclusion Acts. "The recent vote," he replied, "of your congressional committee on immigration, rejecting the repeal of the Chinese exclusion act, comes as a deadly blow to all we had hoped for. You know very well what the Church has taught about racism. You know that the Church has always opposed it. You know that in words the great leaders of the United Nations have opposed it. Yet here the legislature of the greatest of the United Nations, the one to which China looked for true understanding, reaffirms a racist law of the most insulting and stringent kind.

"Who was it, we Chinese ask ourselves, who attacked you at Pearl Harbor? Was it the Chinese? Yet your exclusion policy has always borne more heavily upon the Chinese than the Japanese; your exclusion law against the Chinese, your traditional friends, has always been far more severe than that against the Japanese. Here you are fighting a war against Japan with China as your ally. Yet you will not even modify your pro-Japanese laws in the middle of such a conflict. No matter how friendly any of us may personally be toward you, we cannot answer for the thoughts in our countrymen's hearts. They will think that the Atlantic Charter is a sham. They will think that your adherence to Christianity is an hypocrisy. And can we persuade them otherwise?

"A hundred years ago, China had the closed door policy. No Occidental could enter the country without special permission from the Emperor. We changed, and all Westerners were free to penetrate where they wished. What you are doing can provoke a return to the closed door, and under circumstances where we can enforce that policy. We know that a congressional committee's action is not final. We know that American friends and lovers of truth and justice have not given up the fight. So we are biding our time. But only action on your part will convince the Chinese people that you are not hypocrites, that the prevailing feeling among you is Christian.

"We do not wish to have you open your country to a flood of Chinese emigrants. That is your own problem, for you to solve precisely as you wish. It is an internal problem. But we do object to being branded not only as inferior to you, but as inferior to all the other nations and races in the world, without exception. And this is precisely what your Chinese Exclusion Act does. This is what it means to the Chinese, and no other meaning can logically be attached to it."

What would be the result, I asked, if the feeling of white superiority continued unchecked after the war, or even if it increased, as it seems to me to be doing?

"Certainly China will keep in the fight until Japan is defeated. In this defeat, you of course will play a great part. But if your attitude of superiority continues, if the Far East becomes convinced that the United States has forfeited her moral right to leadership, and is fixed in her determination to look down upon the colored races, I can foresee only a prospect which makes me tremble at its horrors.

"In that case the next war would almost inevitably be a war between races, and that would mean a war in which not only armies are pitted

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against each other, armies and industries, but a war in which child is against child, woman against woman, grandfather against grandfather. In such a war there would not even be talk of mercy and decency. It would literally be to the death, and we would not hear of unconditional surrender, but of annihilation. What Christian can envisage such things without being tempted to despair?" . . . I remembered, with a spark of hopefulness, not Pearl Buck, but the white blood donor.

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"Supposing," I said, "that these dangers are averted, that some little wisdom inspires all our councils, and a reasonable spirit of fairness and Christianity wins out. What political set-up in the Far East will best serve the interests of peace and justice?"

"The motto I long since adopted for my own sums up what I believe to be the proper answer to your question: a strong China and a strong Church. Obviously Japan is now on the way downhill, and therefore she is bound to end this war a weak country. China is not yet strong, and it is vastly important that she be made so once the victory is won. To the north she will have a strong neighbor, already highly industrialized. What I fear is Russian ascendancy in the Far East, unless it is countered by a China strong enough to be the master of her own fate. The time has come for plain speaking, and I do not believe that we can afford to throw aside all realism and hope that by any other means than a true balance of power in the Orient can world peace be preserved. In a strong China I pray for a strong Church, not a dominant or a domineering Church, but one whose patriotism is proved and one able to exercise true influence in the councils of state."

Naturally I wondered what sort of régime might appear in Japan after the war. "One thing is here essential. It has been said before, and very often. But this does not make it less true. We must eliminate totally the power of the military class in Japan, of the inheritors of the Samurai. Certainly nine-tenths of the Japanese people would be far happier if they were freed of these rulers. Where shall we find a new élite to take their place? I believe that such an élite already exists, and that it can be speedily recruited from among the peasants and the working class. If the Japanese wish to retain the Emperor as a symbol of the state, I see no objection to it. Even now there are languishing in Japanese prison those who had what the militarists call 'dangerous ideas.' They are not all dead by any means, nor are they all in prison. And it is to these 'dangerous ideas' that we must look for a new and more civilized Japanese régime.

"If a mere truce is made with the present ruling class in Japan, then the United States can look forward with assurance to eventual total defeat at the hands of her present Oriental enemies. For when a Japanese general remarked that the peace would be imposed by Japanese might in the White House itself, he was not indulging in braggadocio. That is the way such men really think and feel and believe. If they receive only a set-back as a result of this war, they will try again, and they will make their plans with far greater care and with far less foolhardiness."

Once peace has come to China, and it is possible for her to rebuild her economic life, what shape will she seek to give that life? "What we hope for is to achieve industrialism with all its blessings and benefits but without its curses. What we also hope for is agrarian reform, so that in the end every farm family will own outright its piece of land and hence a source of livelihood. We know that the state will have to regulate business, so that excessive wealth cannot ruin the legitimate aspirations of our people. Thus we shall doubtless welcome foreign investments after the war, as we welcome foreign help in the war. But we shall never again permit any Chinese industry to be wholly owned outside China. In every capitalization, Chinese capital must participate, and participate in such measure as to guarantee us against foreign exploitation. Naturally the details of all this cannot be worked out now, but you can see from what I have said the direction in which we seek to work. We shall try to cull from your own Western experience what is good and eliminate what you yourselves admit is bad."

"I can see that you will have to have our material help. How is this to be paid for?"

"In kind. We know that we cannot do it otherwise, and we hope that we shall be able to supply you, in exchange for your machinery and products of heavy industry, goods which you will be happy to accept. We hope from you something more, also, than these material things. A few days ago I gave a short address at the Cardinal Hayes High School. I said to my auditors: you are used to hearing appeals for the missions. You are used to have us ask you for priests and nuns and money and supplies. I am asking you for something more. Priests and nuns we shall welcome. Money and supplies I am afraid we shall always need. But I am asking for more. I dream of a veritable army of laymen, willing to come among us and help us made a strong China. This in substance was what I said, and my remarks were noticed in *Time*. To my immense surprise I have already received a whole stack of letters from Americans, volunteering to participate in this great work. To my regret I must add that a very low percentage of these letters so far comes from Catholics."

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The future, it seemed to me, must then depend as much upon ourselves as upon what happens on the battlefields of the Pacific. We must certainly so reduce our feeling of superiority as to deserve the position of preeminence which our Chinese friends see we are likely to achieve. We must come to the peace table fully conscious that the Far East will no longer tolerate exploitation, but still welcomes friendship. "What," I asked, "about European and American territorial possessions in Asia?"

"On this question our minds are not closed. We feel convinced that imperialism always leads to exploitation, and exploitation is always bad for the people exploited. But precisely what territorial arrangements are to be made after the war cannot be determined until we begin to work out the terms of the peace. At present we know this much. China must have Manchuria returned to her, Manchuria which is as much Chinese as any other section of our great country. Korea must be a free and independent state. Japanese militarism must be swept out, and some sort of democratic government, in which the mass of the Japanese people genuinely participate, must be established. As for the rest of Asia, we have no fixed views. We shall certainly not be unreasonable, but you must expect us to be opposed to imperialism and exploitation everywhere, no matter by whom it is practiced."

# *Design for Planning*

## An analysis of the NRPB report

***By* John C. Cort**

IT IS sheer impudence for me to be writing an article on post-war reconstruction of the American economy. At college I dropped out of Economics A after the first half-year because, quite frankly, it bored me to the verge of tears. I can still think of no faster way of getting lost than to wander into a nice tight little discussion of foreign exchange, or how to fall off the gold standard. I don't even think I could give you a really correct definition of watered stock. In short, I approach this subject with no qualifications at all, except perhaps a certain childlike simplicity, and even that is highly suspect.

But painful as it may be, even the most frivolous of men must recognize these days that behind the smokescreen of economics, behind that great high wall of dullness and verbiage and industrial-political voodoo, there are being made —and will continue to be made—the decisions that cast the very mold and pattern of our lives. Depressions just don't happen. Of all the crazy lies that is the craziest and the most dishonest. No matter what the scribes and Pharisees say, every child knows in his heart that where the land and labor and machines and resources exist for prosperity, it could be nothing less than the peculiar folly and greed of man that would frustrate this good fortune and make it necessary for millions to rot away in the misery of unemployment, dreaming idly—and sometimes not so idly—of revolution and revenge.

After the First World War there was a spate of "Plans for Social Reconstruction," among which was the progressive program of the American Catholic bishops. This war we are getting started a little earlier on our plans, and I hope with better success. For a number of years, in fact, we have had in Washington a National Resources Planning Board, and recently this board gave birth to a "Post-War Plan and Program." As a reward for its labors, Congress cut the board's appropriation to $50,000 and a revolver, with orders to commit suicide by August 31. But Congress being what it now is, this fact would seem to be more of a recommendation than otherwise, and consequently it might be useful to examine the NRPB's brain child at some length.

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Senator Taft to the contrary, there are plenty of good sound ideas in the board's program and practically no socialism at all that we could see. There are a lot of practical suggestions about how to avoid chaos and calamity during the transition period, that is, when the war is over and the boys start coming back and the war workers find themselves quite suddenly on the street with no place to go but home. There is some excellent stuff about the necessity of government promoting the decentralization of industry and helping the small business man to get back on his feet and stay there. This is scarcely good socialism. And then there are a number of special recommendations, mostly very sensible, about such particular problems as irrigation, soil conservation, public health and housing, education and social security.

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It is quite true that this report, and the policy of the Roosevelt Administration generally, proceeds on the assumption that government must step in where the lower organs of society (individuals, groups, business, cities, etc.) have failed to provide the minimum of order and security. And perhaps there has even been a tendency to assume that this interference must be permanent. But on the principle of government's responsibility for a minimum decency of physical welfare on the part of its citizens, there can be no argument at all except by fools, thieves, and hardened reactionaries.

What the NRPB has in mind for America after the war seems to be a kind of "mixed economy": small business encouraged; free competition enforced; big business allowed where bigness is efficient; "mixed corporations" set up in which the government has a share of investment and control; anti-social elements kept in check by a strict enforcement of the anti-trust laws and various wage and labor laws; and full employment guaranteed by a heavy public works program. The mixed corporation idea has highly conservative precedents in British practice—for example, the South African Iron and Steel Corporation, the Imperial Airways, and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The board suggests that fields in which this type of limited government control might be necessary are such essential war industries as aluminum, magnesium, other basic metals, synthetic rubber, some chemicals, shipbuilding and aircraft. Also housing, air transport, communications and electric power. And we don't know why they didn't add the railroads. Whether or not some degree of government ownership and control is actually necessary in all of these fields we do not know. It is fairly certain that it is necessary in some, and if this can be proved, namely, that only by such an arrangement can the public welfare be properly protected, then there is absolutely nothing in such an arrangement which is inconsistent with Christian and Catholic social doctrine as contained in *Quadragesimo Anno*. Certainly it is not socialism.

The vision, the goal of the NRPB plan is a noble one and incontestable by decent men. It is obvious to any objective reader that the report is very seriously and earnestly concerned with building a just and peaceful America in a just and peaceful world, "a dynamic economy with fair distribution of the resulting gains throughout the community, the organization of this economy upon the basis of democratic controls and cooperation, the organization of a jural order of the world within which societies can live in peace and freedom." In the light of this spirit pervading the report and in the light further of its many excellent and practical suggestions, it is indeed shameful that the Delano board should have been subjected to such low and stupid abuse in the halls of Congress, particularly when that abuse came from the men with the background of Senator Robert Taft. Much as we would therefore like to champion the report *in toto,* however, we cannot honestly do so. This for several reasons.

★

Although denying hotly that the report is on its face "socialistic," we do feel that it has that element of let-the-state-do-it-and-let-the-state-go-on-doing-it which is one of the way stations on the road to socialism. Mostly, though, it is too much of a patch-work plan, snipping off a little here and pasting on a little there, pouring mercurochrome on a patient who needs a good laxative and a major operation. In a sense the report is too capitalistic, too ready to accept some of the more subtle, but none the less poisonous assumptions of the *laissez faire* school of thought.

The most poisonous of these assumptions is that price control in peacetime is simply beyond the pale for any good little government. True enough, the NRPB says that price controls should be retained in many fields during the dangerous transition period, but after that we must rely entirely, it would seem, upon the efforts of the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice. Anyone who is familiar with the erratic record of that division, and how it has been periodically starved to death by Republican Congresses, and how in addition its work has been frequently thwarted and delayed by reactionary judges, will know that no sensible nation can depend on such flimsy support for that most essential element of a decent, efficient economy: a sound price structure.

Fundamentally this problem goes back to the gradual collapse of the old medieval concept of a just price, and the terrific importance of it to the individual conscience and to society as a whole. Look around you, even among your friends, and see how many people you can find now who don't believe that the seller has a perfectly good ethical right to charge as much for his commodity as he can get for it. Even if they aren't quite sure, they certainly wouldn't regard it as a very serious matter, either for their own conscience or the well-being of the community. Just how and why this came to be we are not equipped, either in space or knowledge, to explain. The Reformation seems to have had something to do with it, and Calvin specifically. Also Adam Smith and his fellow students of the Manchester School. Also the devil and the perennial inclination of man to kid himself into believing that what is profitable is therefore right.

Actually, nothing could be more shattering to any society or any economy than sloppy thinking and sloppy action in the field of prices. Everything basic in the economy is tied up with it:

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wages, profits, distribution of income, consuming power, savings, even taxation. And in spite of the inability of people to think in terms of a just price when they are on the selling end, it is nevertheless true that every one of us has a very distinct and deep feeling for that concept when we are on the buying end. This is a most hopeful thing. I imagine that most people could even give you a fair idea of what a just price is if you caught them in a buying mood. They would know that a man must charge enough to cover costs (wages, materials, overhead, etc.) with enough left over to assure himself a fair profit. Aye, there's the rub. For what in the name of all that's good and beautiful is this thing called a fair profit? Is it enough to make a man a million dollars a year? Half a million? $100,000? $50,000? Personally, I thought that the $25,000 law (after taxes, mind you) was a very fair law not only for wartime but, almost more important, for peacetime too. After all, what can you do with more than $25,000 a year that isn't going to be bad for you, or bad for somebody else, unless you give it away? In any case, until we arrive at some idea of what is a fair profit, which means a just wage for the rich, and resign ourselves to holding the rich to some kind of limitation based on that figure, it is just going to be one long headache trying to establish just wages for the poor.

For example, an instance of bad price control and what it does to the whole idea of a living wage is apparent right this minute. Anybody can see that the workingman is not going to be satisfied with $40 or $50 a week, if he sees his $40 being eaten away by rising prices.

And there are other obvious examples of how profoundly price control or the lack of it or the wrong kind of control affects American economy. According to Father John Cronin's excellent book, "Economics and Society," in the depression years 1929 to 1939, prices in the following commodities fluctuated less than 10 percent and in some cases even went up: metals, building materials, autos, hides and leather, fuel, chemicals, drugs and refrigerators. But in the following lines prices fluctuated over 50 percent: farm products, foods, textiles, clothing and furniture. Just stop and think how amazing this is. The second group is mostly that of consumer goods, that is, the things people have to go on buying in good times or bad times—consequently the things which would be most in demand even in bad times. And what happens? Prices fall as much as 50 percent and more. And the capital and luxury goods (the first group), the things that people scarcely want at all in bad times, these products kept their prices up almost to pre-depression levels. So where now is your cock-eyed theory about prices being automatically determined by supply and demand?

As a matter of fact, the theory did work out in the consumer goods (second group), because in those commodities there existed the highly competitive conditions without which the law of supply and demand is simply worthless. In the first group, however, and in spite of the anti-trust laws, free competition had either been drastically limited or eliminated entirely. How? Monopoly is not the only way to skin a cat or rig a price system. There are also those things known as "gentlemen's agreements" between a few corporations who dominate the field, as in the auto industry, or wider agreements among a large number of big and little producers, as in certain trade associations. There is also the whole vague and powerful monkey business that comes under the heading of business pressure, which may mean the use of banking influence, control of patents or raw materials, or simply the little matter of snubbing the man who won't play ball, either at the Harvard Club or the Peoria Rotarians' monthly lunch, depending on whether you're in the big time or the little time.

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What happened during 1929-1939? As demand fell off in the capital goods industries, these people simply laid off their workers, kept their prices up and continued to take in a comfortable profit. The resulting unemployment meant even less demand, more layoffs, less demand, more layoffs. Down and down and down. Until 1933, when we had something like 15,000,000 unemployed, and the government began to pour money into an economic machine whose gas tank had run dry. And this should be remembered, too: the gas tank ran dry because prices were too high during the comparatively prosperous twenties, and much too large a percentage of the national income was being drained out of the tank into savings (excess profits) and much too small a percentage was made available for the engine in wages to the people who buy things because they need them. Although it is obviously better than nothing for government to drain back these profits in the form of taxes and then pump them into the machinery in the form of relief or public works, why isn't it much more sensible to prevent them from being drained off in the first place? It is certainly a lot cheaper.

It is our opinion that the failure of the NRPB and the New Deal and the American people generally to cope successfully with the basic problem of the just price (which includes the just wage and the just profit) stems from another heretical and poisonous assumption of modern life. That is the idea that politics is a proper sphere for democracy and self-government, but business is not. Apparently business should be run strictly on the dictator principle, and we will just hope that the dictators will cancel themselves out and somehow the public

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will be protected. It doesn't matter in the slightest if business becomes the one dominant factor in the individual lives of our people and in the life of the whole nation. The old war cry, "Dammit, nobody's going to tell me how to run my business!" still finds an answering echo in the national consciousness. Of course the whole thing is ridiculous, just as ridiculous as, and a darn sight more dangerous than, the man who owns a gun yelling, "Dammit, nobody's going to tell me how to use my gun."

To a certain extent the rise of trade unionism and the recognition that there are certain fields in which the workers have not only the right, but also the power to tell employers how to run their business, has put a healthy limitation on this heresy. Also the fact that many employers now own little more of the business than their workers; they simply control it in the name of an anonymous mass of stockholders. But we are still far from recognizing that if the body politic is to be strong and healthy, the body economic must also be thoroughly organized and subjected to the popular controls of an industrial and economic democracy.

So what should the NRPB report have recommended? The answer is nothing new or original on my part. It is the same answer the Popes have been giving for years, an answer that CIO President Philip Murray very considerately incorporated several years ago in a purely homegrown American form, completely free from all taint of such unpopular words as fascism, corporatism, or papism. It is the idea of the vocational group, or as Murray put it, a governing council in each industry which would democratically represent employers, employees and the public, and would have jurisdiction over such things as wages, profits, prices, working conditions, production standards, etc. It envisions workers completely organized in unions, employers completely organized in trade associations, consumers organized in cooperatives or through the government. It envisions the government not as running everything, but as supervising those who have the ability and the power to run things for themselves. Which is the sensible, healthy, and practical way for things to be run, and the way best calculated to balance liberty with security.

I have heard friends of mine, even priests, tell me that this isn't the practical time to push the full program of Christian reconstruction. But I cannot see that there is any time when it is not practical, and necessary, and even imperative. For the simple reason that nothing less than the full program will work, and if we don't find a program soon that will work, this country is in for a good big mess of trouble. Not immediately after the war perhaps. But after the temporary boom that will come after the war. Look for trouble then.

# Communications

## SCIENCE AND HUMAN AFFAIRS

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: The article of Hugh S. Taylor on "Science and Human Affairs" (April 30) once more calls attention to the fact that many eminent men in the field of science are now well aware of the limitations of their subject, aware of the inability of science to offer the last word on the most important aspects of human experience.

These men are far ahead of the bulk of popularizers of scientific achievement, and far ahead of the sociologists, political scientists, economists and educators of positivistic persuasion, who still labor under the nineteenth century illusion that the only medium of attaining truth is scientific investigation. I should not omit from this list of the antiquated the philosophers who support the self-destructive view that all judgments are void of meaning unless verifiable by sensible experience.

There is one major point on which I differ with Dr. Langmuir. He is quoted in the article as saying: "It is absurd to think that reason should be our guide in all cases." He recommends the use of common sense, judgment, experience and intuition to supply the deficiencies of reason. From the context it is evident that Dr. Langmuir is equating the use of reason in empiriological science with reason itself.

This is a serious error. Reason has its rôle to play in other fields besides science. It has its rôle in philosophy and in religion. And it is indispensable for the construction of a sound moral philosophy. We do not deny, of course, the important part played by intuition, common sense and experience in both the speculative and the practical orders.

Professor Einstein recently made the same identification of reason itself with the scientific reason. This is the shadow of the old positivism still haunting the distinguished men who are advancing toward the fullness of truth.

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON.

## RELIGION IN ENGLAND

Atwell, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Concerning the article "Religion in England" by Donald Attwater in your May 21 issue I feel Mr. Attwater did not lay his finger on the fundamental characteristic of the English people as to religion. The experience of over half a century in the ministry of the Episcopal Church, together with my reflections on religion in England, has convinced me that the English are neither religious or irreligious, but unreligious. They have no particular congenital religious convictions. They readily stood for the reformation of their national Church and accepted the holy Mass in English in 1549, but as readily went back to the Latin Mass under Mary. They swallowed glorified Matins or a High Mass in English under Elizabeth, according to which parish they resided in, and stood for a decade of Puritanical sway

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under Cromwell, but easily turned back to liturgical services under Charles II. For several generations they were content with glorified Matins again under the Georges. For that matter there was no serious schism in the realm of England until the Wesleys came to heat the dry bones of a languishing religion. The Tractarian movement revived the dry bones somewhat in the Established Church. But from my long experience with the English in America, particularly the working people, I am satisfied the people of England would relapse again into religious indifference were it not for the habitual activity of the Established Church, the Dissenters and your own Papal Church.

REVEREND A. L. BYRON-CURTISS,

## LITURGY

Peoria, Ills.

TO the Editors: Your correspondent Andrew McGee, whose letter appeared in your issue of May 21, hit the nail on the head when he implied the importance and desirability of the clergy saying Mass "as if they wanted to be heard."

And to my notion, this must be the first step in the accomplishment of congregational participation, that prime objective and goal of the liturgical movement. Those who already use the Missal will be able to follow the Mass with greater facility and ease; those who do not will become more liturgically-conscious. It is, without question, essential number one.

CARL F. HARSCH.

## RUSSIA

Bryn Mawr, Penna.

TO the Editors: Please God that there may not be many in the armed forces, or, indeed, elsewhere among Catholics, whose thinking is so un-Christian, uninformed, and totalitarian as that of Lieutenant Baddock (THE COMMONWEAL, June 18). Arthur Koestler, a gloomy leftist, in an article he published in the New York *Times* on last February 14, would have us believe that all our soldiers are afflicted with the kind of complex displayed in Lieutenant Baddock's letter, and, of course, our friends of the *New Republic* would like to convince us that all American Catholics are such as would shout a loud "Amen" to the Lieutenant's misguided remarks. Like the editors of THE COMMONWEAL, we remain unconvinced and, also, unimpressed, since, in this matter of Russia, we prefer to follow such great princes of the Catholic Church as Cardinal Verdier of France, Cardinal Hinsley of England (who was never fooled by the nazi-inspired bogy of the "Bolshevist peril," and advocated collaboration with Russia from the very beginning), and our own great Bishop Hurley, who in a Pan American Day sermon delivered at Miami, Florida, on last April 26, spoke as follows:

> For us Americans, North and South, this is a war of self-preservation, but it is more than that; it is a war of Christian liberation. In stating this conviction, I am not unmindful of the anomaly of Soviet Russia, which has been so skillfully exploited by Axis propagandists in Amer-


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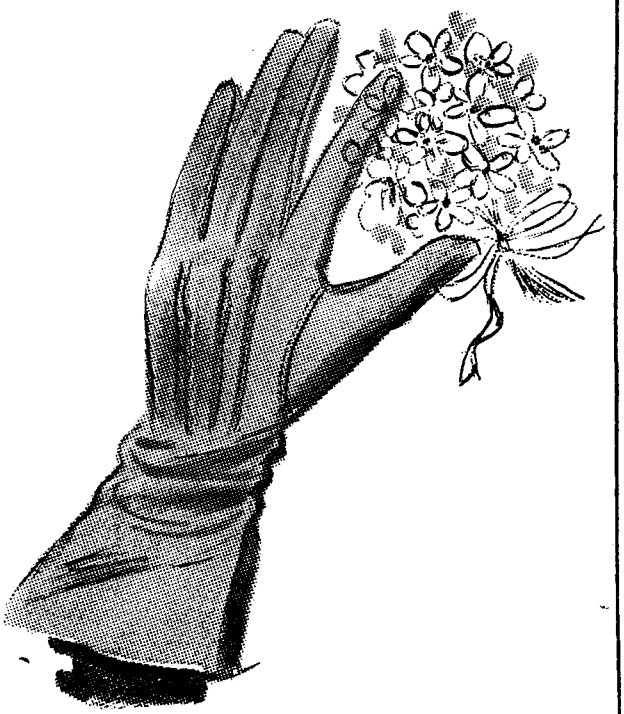

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ica. This, at least, is clear: for the Russian people this war is a just war to repel a disloyal, ruthless, unprovoked aggressor from its soil. . . .

I admit that there is danger that evil communications may corrupt our good morals, but we must not forget that there is also the hope that our good example as Christian democracies, sustaining an essentially Christian cause, may have a mitigating effect upon Red totalitarianism in Russia. Particularly am I hopeful that if we continue to cooperate with the Russian people, as I devoutly hope we shall, in the planning and in the working out of a just peace, we shall gain rather than lose in the general balance of the post-war world. (The entire sermon was printed in the *Pittsburgh Catholic* of April 29, 1943.)

And where did Lieutenant Baddock get the erroneous idea that "Our Pope has refused diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government"? If the Lieutenant will consult "Les Guerres Modernes et La Pensée Catholique," written by Don Luigi Sturzo, a Catholic priest, he will learn, on page 127, that as far back as 1922, Pope Pius XI sent a diplomatic mission to the International Conference held in May at Geneva, for the express purpose of coming to an agreement with the Bolshevist delegation, headed by Chicherin, on the matter of religious liberty in Russia.

The mission was doomed to failure at that time, but it lies within the realm of hope (a good Christian virtue) that the Pope may eventually succeed in establishing diplomatic relations with Russia. It will be then, as Don Sturzo so well puts it, "quand les Bénédictins, les Dominicains, les Jésuites et autres ordres religieux qui spécialisent depuis des années des pères et religieuses dans l'étude et l'intelligence des problèmes religieux de la Russie, pourront s'y rendre à l'abri de la liberté, nous nous souviendrons de deux papes, Benoît et Pie, qui avaient anticipé ce jour et établi l'Institut pontifical Russicum à Rome, ainsi que d'autres instituts en Belgique et en France,"* that we shall better understand the mysterious ways of Divine Providence.

That that day may not be too far off may be indicated by the fact that on last April 19, according to reports in the New York *Times* and the *Pittsburgh Catholic,* the Vatican began a series of religious broadcasts to Soviet Russia.

Furthermore, according to a United Press report in the New York *Herald Tribune* of June 16, 1943, Archbishop Spellman met Smirnov, the Russian Ambassador to Iran, in Teheran, and the report states that "the meeting was held at Archbishop Spellman's request and that 'United States-Soviet' questions were discussed." It would appear that the editorial policy of THE COMMONWEAL on the subject of Russia has rather good company, definitely *in* the Catholic Church.

ANGELINE HELEN LOGRASSO.

*When the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Jesuits and other religious orders who for years have been specially preparing priests and nuns in the study and understanding of Russia's religious problems shall be able to go to that country under the protection of freedom, we will remember two Popes, Benedict and Pius, who had foreseen this day and established the pontifical institute "Russicum" at Rome, as well as other institutes in Belgium and in France.

# *The Stage & Screen*

## *Early to Bed*

IT IS easy to predict that this musical will be a hit. It has speed, gaiety, color, lovely girls, good music, good singing and good dancing. Apparently it tried out in Boston and was mildly attacked by the censors. It is dirty but not smutty. The dirt is chiefly in the book of George Marion, Jr. It seemed to me much less offensive in this respect than "Star and Garter." I should therefore judge as a practical matter that it is within the current limits of toleration of New York. The dirt is not physical but verbal. The action occurs at the Angry Pigeon, a house of ill fame in Martinique presided over by an ex-school-teacher. Her one true love accidentally stumbles upon the place and mistakes it for a school. The proprietress adapts the institution to this error. The pretenses which follow give ample opportunity for double meaning situations. There is hardly an unambiguous word during the entire evening.

The songs and dances are delightful. They are so fast, so numerous and so gay that the book is often wholly forgotten. Brilliantly costumed by Miles White and using the music of Fats Waller, the singing and swinging are chiefly carried by Muriel Angelus and Richard Kollmar, Mary Small, Jane Kean, Jane Deering, Jeni Le Gon and Bob Howard. Harger and Maye should have the orchids for fluid incandescent dancing. Whether she is Harger or Maye I do not know, but the girl of this pair is the most beautiful dancer on Broadway; and also the most beautiful woman.

The tired business man, in and out of uniform, will be on line for tickets for a long time to come. *(At the Broadhurst.)*

## *Those Endearing Young Charms*

A FEW WEEKS ago, reviewing "Moment Musical," I objected to the assumption that a man of forty and a woman married, in her thirties and with two children, could fall violently and instantaneously in love with each other. Forty cannot be twenty. Experience cannot take the forms of inexperience. Abelard and Swift have since been suggested to me by a friend who disagreed with this judgment, but I will stand by my reported opinion. What was impossible (in my judgment) in "Moment Musical" is credible in "Those Endearing Young Charms" where ages and surrounding circumstances are right. The writing in this new play by Edward Chodorov is excellent. As he puts it this story of immediate, permanent love could have happened. Helen (Virginia Gilmore) lives with her mother (Blanche Sweet) in a west side flat. Jerry, son of an old friend of Helen's mother, and now a private in a camp near the city, regularly visits Helen and her mother. On his way to the flat one evening, happening to encounter a hometown friend, presently a lieutenant in the Air Force, he brings him along to the flat. The lieutenant is under orders which will take him in forty-eight hours from New

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York to California and thereafter into active duty. Charmed by the beauty of Helen he is determined on a conquest. Helen, violently in love with the lieutenant from the outset, makes conquest unnecessary. The lieutenant, in fact and by reputation a lecher, was transformed within forty-eight hours by the depths of love stirred by Helen. It seems he has been misunderstood for years by his home folks, including his parents. The irregularity of his past behavior is explained in this way. Deep down he is decent and brave. In short he marries the girl and she becomes the reason for his participation in war. I agree that this is somewhat confusing, but it is the way the play goes. Granted the character of the lieutenant as first defined in the play, the rapid transition to honorable intentions and actions is somewhat confusing.

The play gets its title from the old song of that name. Dean Harens as Jerry, the private soldier, sings it touchingly at the end of Act I. It then stands for the nostalgic recollection by Helen's mother of her own lost love for a soldier in World War I, whom she had given up for reasons of prudence; reasons which she argues convincingly but unsuccessfully to Helen in an effort to prevent the consummation of her affair with the young lieutenant. The song is used again as a form of brittle and sarcastic prose in the very last scene. It is used by the lieutenant who, although hating the elder generation, is willing for love of Helen to employ it as a means of some slight consolation to Helen's mother. It is used as a telephone conversation and in a manner which must have been galling to the mother. Perhaps if the play means anything it means the complete irrelevancy of the older generation to those who must fight this war.

This love could have happened and if it happens today, it is tragic in its implications. Desperate is the moment of war to the young who in fighting it cannot rightly have both war and love.

Virginia Gilmore is extravagantly beautiful. She plays passionate young love directly with feeling and in the way it happens. I hope she stays on Broadway for a long time to come. *(At the Booth.)*

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

### *Three Ring Movie*

YOUR enjoyment of *"Stage Door Canteen"* depends on how much you like seeing the outstanding stars of stage and screen. Most of the film really isn't cinema at all, but consists of shots of top-notch players who appear at this famous canteen just off Times Square. And too much of the dialogue runs like this: "Is that really Helen Hayes?" "Yes, that is Helen Hayes." "Are you Judith Anderson?" "Yes, I am," etc. "My! My! Martha Scott?" "Why, yes," etc., etc. The pattern is varied once in a while. Ina Claire gets tough with a coupla sailors who get tough with each other over her. Ray Bolger refuses to answer when a Marine springs the same "Are you," etc. The Marine discovers he is, however, when Ray breaks into a clever dance routine that is a take-off on the manual of arms. The Lunts have a good time kidding each other as Alfred washes dishes and Lynn makes sandwiches. Jane Cowl introduces Yehudi Menuhin who fiddles a couple of numbers beautifully. All this is very nice, but most of it is completely static. Kenny Baker, Gracie Fields, Ethel Merman, Lanny Ross, Ethel Waters sing in their best manner, but add no motion to this motion picture. Ed Wynn manages to contribute some delightful humor to the proceedings with his gay banter. And the film gets very lively when Gypsy Rose Lee sings with gestures an item about what a strip teaser thinks about as she strips. Six first-rate bands (Basie, Cugat, Goodman, Kyser, Lombardo, Martin) inject more life and excitement, especially when the members of the Armed Forces dance to their good music. As everyone knows, no civilians (except members of the American Theatre Wing who run this canteen) are admitted, so the boys in service have a pretty good time and are rightly treated like royal guests.

"Stage Door Canteen" does have a semblance of story as it follows four soldiers, concentrates especially on one of them—Dakota (William Terry who was Private Smith in my favorite short of last year). Dakota is teamed up with Eileen (Cheryl Walker) who treats him rather shabbily through three-quarters of the film. By the time you thoroughly dislike Eileen for being a selfish snob, she gets a change of heart and falls for Dakota who is as charming and ingenuous a boy as you'd want to see in a soldier suit. His pal, California (Lon McCallister) is a pleasant kid too; perhaps a little naïve, but certainly the type any actress or even budding bit player would want to mother. He has one of the film's best scenes—in which he plays Romeo to none other than Katharine Cornell's Juliet. Katharine Hepburn is another star who manages to be more than a name in the roster. She shows up at the canteen in time to give a patriotic pep talk to Eileen who is heartbroken at Dakota's sudden, goodbyeless departure. Unfortunately Miss Hepburn looks unbelievably gaunt in this scene and sounds like a caricature of herself.

Director Frank Borzage no doubt tried to make a movie of all this material. He was hampered by space (although the canteen in the film is larger than the real one) and by too many stars who had to be crowded somehow into one film. Sol Lesser deserves credit for rounding up these people for his production. I wish he hadn't been able to

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get so many, for I found the repetition, in spite of its glamor, rather tiresome. Two incidents that had novelty were the honoring of the Chinese fliers and the visiting Russians. However, the cast's naïve attitude toward these foreigners was somewhat embarrassing. In fact several scenes in the film have a spirit of last minute gaiety that is somewhat forced. No doubt "Stage Door Canteen" will be popular at the box offices. Such a large bagful of plums is a big moneysworth and is bound to have something to attract everyone. It will probably be most popular with parents of boys in the services who will be delighted to see how these wholesome actorfolk of New York have welcomed their sons to their theatrical and warm-hearted bosoms.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# The Birth of Irish Nationality

By DAVID MARSHALL

IT IS one of the astonishing things of history that Ireland was conquered, under Elizabeth, by an army of possibly five thousand effectives, probably fewer. The explanation is, of course, that they never fought a united Ireland. Indeed, they never fought at all, if they could help it. Their normal way, in time of trouble, was to withdraw their "protection" from an offending Irish clan, confident that other Irish clans would then promptly attack the "rebels"—rob them of their lands and cattle. A refinement of the same tactic was to withdraw "support" from an Irish chieftain, who was then almost invariably overthrown by a rival for the chieftaincy. But if the devil drove, and there was no choice but to fight, the English always had generous help from one Gaelic source or another. Thus in the Desmond wars, that resulted in the devastation of Munster, the Great O'Neill fought on the side of Elizabeth. And when he fought against Elizabeth, twenty-five years later, the Limerick people slit the throats of his exhausted men, or pushed them deeper into the mire to drown, as they lay trapped in a bog after the ruinous defeat at Kinsale. There was no race loyalty among the clan-divided Irish, and Mr. O'Faolain has the firmest ground for his assertion that Ireland, at this time, was not a nation.*

And the time was tremendous in the history of Europe. The new learning of the Renaissance had swept over the Continent, was surging to its peak in England. Side by side with this, the mercantile spirit was in the air, promising economic freedom for the common man. And mixing into every issue was the large and headstrong enthusiasm of the Reformation. It was not that the English, under Elizabeth, were coming in to conquer Ireland. They had already been in Ireland for four hundred years; after a first brief period of mutual raiding, the clans of Leinster had found them good customers, while to the rest of Ireland, preoccupied with its own affairs, they were hardly enemies—indeed, they hardly existed, except as a remote, uninteresting detail. But the point is that, through the English, new movements were now coming into Ireland. For fifty years before the Desmond wars they had been slowly taking root, and now their fruits were in evidence. Towns were being built; and the Gaelic people had never known towns nor anything of that trade that lives by the balance of the town against the countryside. Industries were springing up; and there was no place for these in the Gaelic system, which had grown old and rigid to the lowing of vast herds of cattle. In short, modernism was rushing in upon a world that was older than Christianity; and the result was not a war of patriotism but the clash, as Mr. O'Faolain says, of "two civilizations that disliked each other at first sight."

To the Gaelic chieftain, the ownership of cattle had always meant security and power. He had lived on beef and cheese. He had hardly ever slept except within a protecting circle of closely packed cows. And his favorite method of attack had always been to stampede his enemy's cattle, and then to drive in his own herd to trample and destroy his enemy's crops. Long before Elizabeth, an Ireland overstocked with cattle, and distrustful of agriculture, had become dependent on England for fodder; it was one of the fateful consequences of Irish feuding that a more tranquil England had become Ireland's granary. And, more than anything else, it was this trade that the English—missionaries of sixteenth century commercialism—were now intent upon building up. For a generation, business boomed; and the new towns drew off the poor (and oppressed) Irish cow-tenders; gave them new jobs, new hope. All over Leinster the bulk of the Gaelic people, for centuries disinherited of their just rights under the clan system, were showing an unmistakable disposition to flee the clans for a new chance in life, and a new allegiance; and under these various economic pressures, as Mr. O'Faolain tells us, it was obvious that Gaelic society would have to reform itself, would have to assimilate the towns and the new way of life, or would face catastrophe.

We may doubt that anything could have saved that old Gaelic world, so disunited and so uncontrolled. But the point is that it was already verging on disaster. And one moment later came the decrees reforming the Irish church; in the end it was those decrees that wrought the transformation of uncementing Irish clans into an Irish nation which has been able to carry into the twentieth century much—probably all—of what was worth saving out of that older Gaelic civilization. Wandering from clan to clan, no longer belonging to any but received by all, the outlawed priests became spreaders of news and vital intelligence, and for the first time in history a continuous intercourse arose, permanent sympathies were established, between Irish clans. More priests poured into Ireland—many of them angry-minded, hard-driving Englishmen, exiles from their own land, who came rushing in to cover the Catholic flank in a religious battle that was raging clear across the face of Europe. At the head of all, as envoy of the Pope, was the great Jesuit scholar and organizer, Doctor Sanders; and to me it is the greatest of all the ironies of Irish history that it was this magnificent Englishman who became the true father of Irish nationality. It was his order that the clans must

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be consolidated as England was consolidated. It was his transcendent idea that Irish unity—impossible to achieve on the basis of patriotic fervor—could be based upon the principle of a common priesthood. Where the cry of Fatherland fell dead, he raised the cry of Faith, and he lit the flame of spirit in the friars who passed it on to the people. And Doctor Sanders's crusade, as a matter of sober history, gave rise to nationhood. Originally, at any rate, the Irish nation—as distinct from Gaelic Ireland, which was not a nation but a civilization—was founded on a single unifying principle, and that principle was neither pride nor patriotism, but a priesthood that transcended clan.

But quickly enough, once the process had made sufficient headway, and was accelerating of its own momentum, the element of patriotism began to be absorbed—and ultimately, of course, we find the Irish fighting under the banner of Faith and Fatherland. And as it was Doctor Sanders who was responsible for the first half, it was the Anglo-Gaelic second Earl of Tyrone, known to history as the Great O'Neill, who stands responsible for the second half of that all but invincible war cry.

In theory O'Neill was the hereditary high-chieftain of all Ireland. But he was hardly a typical Gael. He had, to begin with, a strong admixture of English blood. His education was both English and Protestant. And, apart from his cynical distrust of Gaels—all his secretaries and bodyguards were Englishmen; his chief bookkeeper seems to have been a Jew—his principal traits were cold self-control and a cold, clear head. He was hardly a good Catholic at any time; at least one murder is to be marked against him, and he insisted that his English wife share her place with three of his Gaelic mistresses. But he became in his day the strongest man in Ireland. And in the Ireland of his day, there was among the Gaelic chieftains only one brain great enough to see what the whole Gaelic world was coming to; and that brain lay under the ginger-colored hair of a short and rather smallish Ulsterman called Hugh, Earl of Tyrone. Deciding that the Gaelic system could still be saved, though it had to be reformed, he set about to save it—and he hitched his wagon to the star of Doctor Nicholas Sanders, S.J.

In his cold and cynical way he was a tremendous man. It was typical that he merely shrugged on hearing of what the Limerick people had done to his helpless men. That was the kind of man he was, and that the kind of world he lived in.

Mr. O'Faolain tells the story of Hugh in a magnificent book, which will make many of us revise radically the notions we have long held concerning this period of Irish history. For his facts, many of which are now presented to the general public for the first time, Mr. O'Faolain has drawn upon a doctoral thesis, written by J. K. Graham, of Queen's College, Belfast. He has set a scholar's findings before a vast and colorful background of life in Elizabethan Ireland.

*The Great O'Neill. Sean O'Faolain. Duell. $3.75.

# Editors' Choice

THE FARM BLOC. *Wesley McCune. Doubleday.* $2.00.

NEWS IS WHAT WE MAKE IT. *Kenneth Stewart. Houghton.* $3.00.

## Plenty Pork

AMONG those, it appears, who get along by taking in each other's washing, we must number the well-heeled lobbyists of Washington. Mr. McCune's book has to do only with those who are installed in the nation's capital to do the utmost for a long list of American commodities, or, more accurately, for those who make their pile through the production, processing or distribution of these basic goods. Only in passing does this little volume intimate the way that heavy industry and other major producer interests are represented.

Maybe there really is something in the old saw about doing each other's washing. We seem to manage, somehow, in the operation of our political democracy, although the pressure of those who cut a wide swathe in Congressional circles has for a counter-balance only the letters from the folks back home, and here and there a legislator's social conscience. "The Farm Bloc" makes you wonder why the American consumer is not more deeply gouged and how such constructive measures as the Reciprocal Trade Agreement program ever did get by. Can this achievement in the case of Latin America possibly mean that the right kind of American world trade policy will be set up in Washington after the war? Not if these lobbyists can help it!

The series of vignette portraits dished up by the *Newsweek* reporter who is author of this revealing little study indicates that many of these cloak-room and gallery operators are able men. One of the most terrific is Charles W. Holman, secretary since 1921 of the National Cooperative Milk Producers Federation (not to be confused with real co-ops). "Holman can transform himself, by clamping a pair of pince-nez on a sturdy nose, from a tough-looking ex-dairy farmer, which he is not, to a rugged-looking businessman, which he is. From his office, a former front parlor, the milk lobbyist operates by long distance telephone, local telephone and taxi." Once associated with the IWW, of all things, Mr. Holman is said to go in for "the temper-tantrum type" of pressure. He has his hands in many pies and points with pride to a whole string of special-interest legislative achievements.

Holman is one of many, and anyone who wants to know about Ed O'Neal and others who never fail to wax vociferous for the big commercial farming interests will find something informative here about names that are always getting into the papers. There is also considerable about the truly patriotic Farmers Union and its leaders, as well as the badly battered FSA. Because of them the small farmer has intelligent representation in Washington, although it is faced with tremendous odds. But the great majority of us, American consumers, have practically no other friends. As Donald Montgomery, formerly of the Department of Agriculture and now CIO consumers counsel, put it: "Few consumers . . . have been able to send paid spokesmen to Washington to look after their interests. That was why consumers counsels [Department of Agriculture] were set up in the first place. And that is why consumers counsels have been liquidated one by one."

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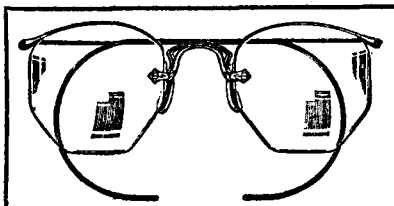

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"The Farm Bloc" is not for readers with weak stomachs. It is difficult to say which is more nauseating: the amount many interests seek to guzzle out of the trough or the hypocritical terms in which these lobbyists make their outrageous demands.

## The Working Press

THERE IS a curious modesty about this book. Mr. Stewart tells the story of the men who do the work of getting out the papers, and these men are not the well known foreign correspondents or the columnists. The book is filled with their names, and that is a sort of modesty too, for the names do not mean much to the reader. Mr. Stewart himself has made his way in his career, but it is other newspaper men who know this—not the public. So that when he talks about his own work and that of the newspaper woman he married it is still as if he were talking impersonally. And there is a markedly serious tone in this book. There is endless detail; it could easily have been the customary book of memoirs, but there is a serious and central thesis in it which points out something important in American life. The thesis is indicated in the book's title: in the long run what the public gets as news is determined by the character of the men who actually write the papers. Not just by the power of the owner of the paper, the pressure of the advertisers, not by anything as simple and as easily denounceable as that. The real pressure, the determining force will come, more and more, from the conscience of the employees, for no paper can be run without reporters, rewrite men, a copy desk.

So long as the average newspaper man did not care what the news meant, so long as his satisfaction in getting the news was all that counted, you had the "honest" newspaper man. You had a press whose object was to mirror the news. But when the newspaper man feels that every story he covers or does not cover or is prevented from covering fits into the changing history of his times and when he wishes to bring his weight to bear upon that history, then you have a newspaper man with an editorial mind. Mr. Stewart thinks that the time has come when the press must reflect inevitably this change. If he is right, then our press will come to resemble the European press. And that is not as terrible as it sounds.

# More Books of the Week

*The Machiavellians. James Burnham. Day. $2.50.*

"THE MACHIAVELLIANS" is a book about other books. Its originality consists in the ideas guiding the selection of books thought by the author fit for discussion. According to Mr. Burnham all political writing is classifiable as it does or does not appeal to religion, metaphysics, miracles, heaven and hell. Any political discussion conceding there is a state, place or condition which is literally heaven or hell or assuming that religious beliefs are well grounded can never mean what it says. Such writings Mr. Burnham declares are built on fictions since in his opinion no validity attaches to religion, miracles, etc.

Whenever a political writer of talent deals with things as they lie before him, he may make a contribution to genuine understanding of political man, provided he assembles intelligently all he sees and reports it in an orderly and original manner. Writers of power who treat politics solely in space-time categories or in a worldly

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manner follow the style invented by Machiavelli. Mr. Burnham regards Mosca, Sorel, Michels and Pareto as the outstanding exponents of the Machiavellian viewpoint and method.

To Machiavelli we owe the notion that politics is the science of power. Mosca established that political power is invariably held and exercised by minorities. Sorel proved the necessity for having some common belief (often enough an outright lie) charged with emotion in order that the masses may be united in a degree which permits the élite representing not them but themselves to accomplish the political objectives of the latter. Michels showed that in practice democracy is an impossibility. Pareto proved that political man acts, not on a basis of reason, but in order to fulfill basic organic innate needs. Revolution never means a significant development toward democracy and away from autocracy. It denotes merely a change in the locus of political power. Such power must be and always is grasped and exploited by a minority for satisfaction of the minority's basic and selfish interests.

What political society is best, according to Mr. Burnham? All societies are administered, he says, by power-loving minorities for the sake of power through which they are determined to get all the benefits they can for themselves. In face of this fact the people generally can be free if, and only if, the holders of power constitute separate groups, numerous enough and sufficiently opposed to one another to create a no-man's land between the areas which they respectively dominate. Freedom arises as a kind of neutral region between warring groups. Hence absolute unity in a political society necessarily implies the death of personal freedom.

This book reflects Mr. Burnham's political philosophy. Apart from its downright naturalism, which at every point falsifies the author's perspective, it seems to me to lay too much stress on the fact that a small number in any given society actually will rule the society at any given moment. It shows too little concern with the dependence of the rulers on those whom they rule. Yet this is perhaps the outstanding fact in a democracy. Too much importance is attached to myth as a means for unification and as a way for creating a dynamic people. But too little attention is given to the arguments respecting the nature of political man which are implicit in myths. There is too much fact as selected by naturalistic prejudices and too little moral judgment. None of the facts in Mr. Burnham's book is new. His naturalistic aversion to recognizing reality as exceeding space-time limits strikes me as rather stale.

The book seems to say that the natural condition of man, politically speaking, is to live subject to principles which drive society toward a totalitarian structure, and man is lucky if occasionally able to interfere with these natural processes and achieve for individuals some limited, precious and precarious freedom.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

*Religion and Empire. Louis B. Wright. North Carolina.* $2.00.

DR. WRIGHT, Research Professor at the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, takes us into the sixteenth and seventeenth, most sordid of centuries, for a detailed study of the way in which English preachers of the period, Anglican and Puritan alike, placed their enormous prestige ("the next best thing to a loud-speaker")


## "Heroic ideal of fraternal love—"

This little book is the translation of a lecture given in Paris in February, 1939. That such thinking as it contains was being offered to, and enthusiastically received by, the Parisian intellectual world in the days preceding the war, is the best kind of guarantee that France will rise whole and clean . . . and once more *"stand tiptoe on her thousand years and trumpeting to the sun."*

The lecture is on Humanism, and its thesis is that a false or *"anthropo*-centric" humanism has so warped all liberal thinking, that the world can only be set straight by a return to true (or *Theo*-centric) humanism, *"the Humanism of the Incarnation."*

The book for a Maritain book is slight: an outline, an almost diagrammatic exposition of the distinction between the two humanisms, and much that M. Maritain has elsewhere expounded *at length*, is here set down *in brief*. This makes it all the more valuable for those of us who have not the metaphysical mind. For it deals in clear, easy-to-follow fashion with a subject that troubles many liberal-minded Catholics—the distinction between ourselves and sincere liberals outside the Church.

It shows us the two ideals, "the illusory myth of the City of the individual set up as a selfish God" and "the ideal of the City of *the human person considered as the image of God.*" It takes the false humanism which has ensnared many sincere liberals, probes it to its origins, traces its divisions into rationalist and irrational extremes, and points to its modern consequences. Although the title is not as pessimistic as it sounds (M. Maritain explains in his preface that in the history of mankind twilight often mingles with dawn) no easy task is set forth for the necessary new humanism.

"It must remake anthropology. It must discover the rehabilitation and the 'dignification' of the creature, not in a species of isolation (thus enclosing the creature within itself) but in an *opening up of the creature* to the universe of the divine and the supra-rational. . . . Such a task implies a work of sanctification of the profane and temporal . . . the discovery, in a more profound and real sense, of the dignity of the human person.

"As a consequence, man would *rediscover himself in rediscovering God*, and would direct social work toward an heroic ideal of fraternal love, conceived not as a spontaneous return of sentiment to some illusory primitive state, but as a difficult and painful *conquest of the spirit*, as a work of grace and virtue . . . "

This is a book to own, a book to lend. It is the most clear-cut, fair-minded and accurate brief analysis of the present position of Christianity in western civilization that we have seen.

J. G. Shaw in THE CANADIAN REGISTER

"THE TWILIGHT OF CIVILIZATION"
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# Next Week

**CHART FOR HIGHER LEARNING** by Jacques Maritain. The leading article in next week's issue presents a comprehensive program for American higher education. Strongly reminiscent of Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University," it divides the curriculum into four ascending and related Institutes or "Cities." An important motivation of this proposal is M. Maritain's conviction that "one of the main tasks of our age is to recognize both the distinction and the organic relationship between theology, rooted in faith, and philosophy, rooted in reason and now secure in its sought-for autonomy."

**THE STRATEGY OF TRUTH** by Liam O'Connor. With the OWI under Congressional attack, The Commonweal is glad to publish next week a timely first-hand explanation of the work of that important war agency. Mr. O'Connor emphasizes the OWI's loyalty to the truth.

**IGNACIO AGRAMONTE** by Silvia Brull. A warmly evocative sketch of the career of one of Cuba's—and Latin America's—heroes in the struggle for independence from Spain. A fiery leader who was "a dark young man with a rounded forehead, serene brown eyes and a small moustache. A pale, thoughful young man with a smile that girls seemed to find most attractive."

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at the service of trading and colonial venture and so laid the foundations for the later British Empire.

It is not a new story. Many historians, notably Sir Charles Lucas, have dealt with it; and readers of Kingsley's novel, "Westward Ho!" (not to speak of those imperial books for boys, the works of Mr. Henty) will be familiar with that curious conglomerate of hatred and fear of Spain, Protestant prejudice, robustiousness, restlessness, patriotism, pride, honest zeal for souls, lust for land and general cupidity which brought about the English settlement of the eastern coast of North America. The value of Dr. Wright's book lies in the careful and particular study he has made of the use made by the East India Company and the Virginia Company, and by the developers of Newfoundland and the Summer Islands, of the preachers to give publicity and respectability to their enterprises.

That much of this clerical enthusiasm was genuine and spontaneous the author justly points out; but it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that much of it was not. Too many of the great preachers were rewarded for expansionist sermons by being given a chance to invest in enterprises which paid sometimes up to 200 percent; too many received preferment in proportion to their zeal for colonies; some, even more fortunate, became officers in the trading companies themselves. Among these who thus preached and then prospered were Hakluyt and Daniel Price and Samuel Purchas; but it is surprising to find among the well-rewarded apologists for Empire one Nicholas Farrar, spiritual director of Little Gidding, and the great John Donne. In excuse it is justly said that in England under Elizabeth and James the clerics were almost completely under the thumb of the Crown, and the Crown commanded that adventure overseas be preached. Dr. Wright gives a careful review of one instance. Among many, the royal command issued through the Archibishops that Whitford's "Discourse on Newfoundland" (1620) a lay volume, be commended by the clergy at divine service in every parish in England and financed by collections made in every cure and forwarded to London for that purpose.

Dr. Wright's painstaking study of the sermons of the period, the literature most widely read by far, is useful and sometimes delightful. One especially rejoices in his having dug out Eburne's dedication of "A Plain Pathway to Plantations" to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to whom Eburne wishes "all health and happinesse externall, internall and eternall."

It is to be regretted that Dr. Wright has tried to tag the study with a doubtful moral. He rightly pointed out that a nation cannot function effectively unless it believes in itself as the utter servant of something. The drive of the English colonists was due to their conviction that in all they did they served a Protestant Jehovah. We can no longer believe in such a God. But let us not despair; we can secure our fire by becoming the passionate and self-surrendering servants of "democratic institutions." With this bathetic remark, the author ends what is otherwise a scholarly study. BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

*The Fall of Paris. Ilya Ehrenburg. Knopf.* $3.00.

NO great shakes as a novel or as a satisfactory explanation of the French defeat, this sprawling narrative with hundreds of characters and a number of liaisons seeks to present things from the workers' point of view. To many it will seem straight propaganda. It is valuable indeed in focusing attention on the heroic struggle of European anti-fascists, many of whom were simple workingmen.

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# The Inner Forum

## *Nazis Attack Famous Priest*

FATHER FRIEDRICH MUCKERMANN, famous anti-nazi German Jesuit, is currently a target for excited nazi abuse. Recently Reichskommisar Seyss-Inquart announced, on the occasion of the third anniversary of his arrival in Holland, that Father Muckermann was also in Holland. He went so far as to characterize the priest as follows: "This product of envy and devilish thought, this Father Muckermann, who has sullied everything German and National Socialist, is brought over here and allowed to walk freely in the former Monastery of Valkenburg, which is a center and hotbed of poisonous propaganda!"

According to the certain knowledge of the Center of Information Pro Deo (CIP), however, this statement of Seyss-Inquart is either a deliberate lie or the product of a fevered and fear-ridden imagination. Actually Father Muckermann is not in Holland and has not been there since the German occupation. He is safe in an unoccupied country.

In addition to his violent attack on the German Jesuit, Seyss-Inquart revealed that there were Catholic priests, presumably Dutch, who had been buried in nazi prisons. "These men are very real offenders," he said. "They have either slandered the Reich or national socialism or the Fuehrer, or they have committed acts of espionage or helped the enemy."

Father Muckermann was one of the founders of the International Catholic Press Agency and also established the German Catholic Press Agency (KK). Following a spectacular escape from the Munster headquarters, where Gestapo agents were sent to arrest him, he later established the anti-nazi weekly, *Der Deutsche Weg,* in Oldenzaal, Holland, a few miles from the German border. In 1935 he became a professor at the Collegium Russicum in Rome, but by 1937 he had returned to the attack in his fight against Hitlerism, organizing a large-scale offensive in Austria through press, pulpit and radio. When the Anschluss forced another sudden escape, Father Muckermann moved on to Paris, where he prepared a series of broadcasts to Germany which continued until the fall of France.

For many years Father Muckermann has been the target of the heaviest nazi guns, including those of Hitler himself. Among the reasons for their intense hatred are the fact that the priest is a German, a brilliant and popular writer, and an outspoken opponent of communism as well as nazism. In THE COMMONWEAL for November 5, 1937, for example, Father Muckermann wrote a powerful article which reached this climax: "There is something frozen in Bolshevism, a lifeless iciness; one thinks of the pit of Dante's Inferno."

### *CONTRIBUTORS*

*David MARSHALL,* author of "Model Railroad Engineering," is a student of Irish history, and also contributes to the *Catholic World.*

*Rev. Bernard Iddings BELL* is an Episcopal clergyman whose most recent book is "The Church in Disrepute."

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*—Ecclesiastical Review*

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Dallas, Pennsylvania. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy of the Union. Regional and national accreditation. Early registration is desirable. Address: Registrar.

### IMMACULATA COLLEGE

Immaculata, Pennsylvania. A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. National and Regional Accreditation. Courses leading to the degrees: A.B., B.S. in Science, B.S. in Home Economics, B.S. in Economics and Business, B.M. Pre-Medical, Pre-Legal, Teacher Training Courses. Placement Service. Accelerated Program. Summer Term: June 13 to September 4, 1943. Catalog and View Book on request. Address: Registrar, Immaculata College, Immaculata, Pa.

### ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science. For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Fully accredited. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514. Address Registrar.

## MARYLAND

### COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For Information Address the Registrar.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

### TRINITY COLLEGE

Washington, D. C. An Accredited Catholic institution for the Higher Education of Women. Beautifully located in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic University. Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars, address the Registrar of the College.

### DUNBARTON COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS

Washington, D. C. A Standard Catholic Senior College for Women. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. For particulars address: The Registrar.

## FLORIDA

### BARRY COLLEGE

For women. Miami, Florida. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Bachelor degrees in Arts, Sciences, Philosophy, Music, Home Economics, Commercial Education, Teacher Training. Two-year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work. Spacious campus. Outdoor swimming pool. Tennis. Moderate marine climate. Ideal location. Beautiful buildings. Address: The Dean.

## INDIANA

### SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS COLLEGE

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